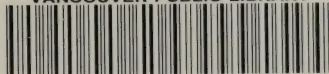


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The Lions' Gate



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(The two highest peaks of the mountains overlooking the harbor of Vancouver bear a strong resemblance in outline to the lions of Trafalgar Square.)



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The Lions' Gate

IN the northern sky we calmly lie
On guard by the western seas,
Where the cliffs draw back from the narrow
track

Of the tide and the ocean breeze.
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim
We crouch in our cloudy lair,
Behind the veil of the snow mist pale,
We are waiting and watching there.

When the foam flies fast as the gale rides past
Outside on the rolling bay,
Our challenge roars on the rocky shores
At the foot of our ramparts grey;
The waves retreat with a sullen beat,
For they dare not pass us by,
And the Inlet's breast is a dream of rest,
Where the white sails folded lie.

The Lions' Gate

We calmly rise on the amber skies,
When the sun and the sea have kissed,
And the glory fills all the circling hills
That glow in a rainbow mist;
When the radiance falls on our granite walls
And the purple peaks unfold,
We fling to the sky from our fortress on high
Cloud banners of crimson and gold.

And far below where the waters flow
The stately ships sail through,
For the fair surprise of a city lies
Where the forest giants grew.
She holds the key of an Empire free
Whose glory has but begun,
The nations meet at Vancouver's feet,
The East and the West are one.

The Lions' Gate

The sap that stirs in our mighty firs
Fed by the northern dew,
Though chilled by death in carven wreath
Shall bud and bloom anew.
Barbaric kings when the bulbul sings
Shall couch 'neath the polished beams
Whose mossy mould once slowly rolled
Down far Canadian streams.

Within our forests vast and dim
The Spirit of Beauty dwells,
Where the long moss sways through the woodland ways
O'er the fox-glove's fairy bells.
There comes a sound from the world around
That calls her to work and play,
But we watch her rest from our mountain crest,
And guard her by night and day.

The Lions' Gate

Oh may the light of a future bright
Fall softly where she lies,
And win her not from that hallowed spot
To the glare of the noontide skies.
May the peace divine of her mystic shrine
Still to God and to her belong,
The glorious theme of the artist's dream,
The soul of the poet's song!

We gaze afar to the last faint star
Ere its light in the dawning dies,
And a vision breaks as the morn awakes
To our clear and steadfast eyes.
Like the flocking wings that the autumn brings
When the sea-gulls gathering fly
To their haven of rest on the harbor's breast,
Shall the fleets of the world sweep by.

The Lions' Gate

Through our open gate shall the land await
The Orient's fragrant spoil,
And the golden grain shall flow forth again
From the heart of the sun-lit soil.
Forest and field their wealth shall yield
To men who are strong and brave,
And still on high in Canadian sky
Shall the banner of Freedom wave.

We sentry stand by Heaven's command
At the portal of her sway,
No threatening foe dare pass below
While her Lions guard the way.
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim,
We crouch in our cloudy lair,
Behind the veil of the snow mist pale,
We are waiting and watching there.

L. A. LEFEVRE.

